HannibalHallow 2017 Ficlet Collection

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12352437.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Chiyoh (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	#HannibalHallow, Alternate Universe - Magic, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Misrule, Alternate Universe - Regency, Alternate Universe - Once Upon a Time Fusion, Once Upon a Time (TV) References, Kitsune, Kitsune!Hannibal, Werefox!Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Hannigram Ficlet Collections
Collections:	#HannibalHallow 2017
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-13 Updated: 2017-11-19 Words: 9,906 Chapters: 4/?

HannibalHallow 2017 Ficlet Collection

by TheSilverQueen

Summary

A collection of my ficlets for the Hannibal Hallow 2017 calendar. Summary will change to reflect the most current day, and warnings will be chapter-specific at the beginning of each.

Day 2: Princess = Will is chosen as the Princess of Misrule. He's disgruntled, wobbling, and quite out of breath when the Prince of Misrule, Hannibal Lecter, sweeps him off his feet.

Day 3: Enchanted Forest = “I know that your assets have been seized and mine are probably frozen,” Will pants out in between wheezes, “but do you really think that the solution to our worries is hiding in the Enchanted Forest?”

Day 4: Mythical Creatures = Hannibal is a kitsune. Will is a werefox. This is either going to end very well or very badly.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Magic

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: overdose of fluff, maybe?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chiyoh has, at this point, magically showed up out of nowhere to save their lives three times – four, if one is only counting Hannibal's life – so perhaps Will should not quite hack up so much coffee when Chiyoh sits down at the tiny thing pretending to be a dinner table on the boat and says, quite seriously, "I used magic to put Hannibal under a Sleeping Beauty curse, and now that he has healed sufficiently enough to live, he will need a kiss and you will give one to him."

"What?" Will croaks out, several eons later.

Chiyoh's face hasn't changed at all. And it's not like Will thought she was the type of person who would joke, but still. "Magic, Will Graham," she says impatiently. "I used magic to put Hannibal under the Sleeping Beauty curse."

"Magic is real?"

"Of course it is. Do you think Hannibal was able to kill so many undetected through the force of sheer personality?"

Will's seen Hannibal make every single person he's ever met dance along to whatever Hannibal wants them to do, so yeah, Will thinks he's justified in thinking that Hannibal is capable of murdering hundreds of people and getting away it just on his brains alone, but Chiyoh is giving him a look like she thinks she should just toss him overboard to save on food and water, so he quickly replies, "I did have some doubts."

"No, you didn't," she says coolly. "That is why he was so successful."

And, well, fair enough, but Will still has ten thousand other questions. "What is the Sleeping Beauty curse?"

"With the right kind of power," Chiyoh answers, "it was used to preserve life, instead of getting revenge for petty slights the way your childish movies have shown. Blood is drawn from the victim, and then it is used to implement the curse. Even if the victim is on the doorstep of death, you cannot die if you are under the curse. You can last a hundred or a thousand or a million years, even; but the danger is, of course, that you might never wake up."

"If it was meant to preserve life," Will says slowly, "why is it called a curse?"

Chiyoh waves an impatient hand, neat and sharp, like a sword movement. “In the original tongue, there was a distinction between the good kind and the bad kind. Your language is too simple for that.”

“So you can use magic?”

He only gets a stare for that question. Which really doesn’t help things, because Chiyoh gave him the exact same stare before she pushed him off a train and when she hauled him out of the water, coughing up gallons of water and in shock from the fall. He hasn’t figured out how to read her yet.

“Okay, fair enough. But why does it have to be me?”

“Because I cannot be both the caster and the breaker of the spell,” Chiyoh answers simply. “Now hurry up, Will Graham. Kissing Hannibal should not be difficult.”

In theory, yeah, kissing Hannibal isn’t really that difficult. Just lean down, press lips together, and bam, happily ever after.

In reality? Will would almost rather jump off the boat and swim back to shore to face Jack again.

Because this is Hannibal: the man who let Will’s brain burn for the fun of it, framed him for dozens of murders, killed their daughter, sliced Will open and left him bleeding in the kitchen, tied Will up and nearly sawed open his skull and ate his brain, and then let himself be arrested on Will’s goddamn front lawn. It definitely complicates matters that Hannibal is also the man who fed Will’s dogs for him, planted evidence to exonerate Will, let Will play house for three years, and came to Will’s defense even with a gunshot wound to his stomach.

So yes, Hannibal is a very complex person, and Will has very complicated feelings for him.

But perhaps, Will thinks, this is why Chiyoh wants him to kiss Hannibal. After all, love is complicated too, full of twists and turns and impossible to describe. Will’s not sure that their bond could be described as anything like “love” but the bond is there, and maybe that’s enough.

He looks at Hannibal’s face, lax in a way he’s never seen before. He looks at Hannibal’s hair, messy and in a state of disarray that would probably make Hannibal throw a hissy fit. He looks at Hannibal’s chest, smothered in bandages and stitches and bruises. He looks at Hannibal’s legs, which had propelled them to the surface after the fall. He looks at *Hannibal* and thinks, *Okay.*

The kiss itself is anticlimactic.

Mostly because Hannibal can’t kiss back, and he’s slack with magical sleep and the angle is awkward and Will has no idea what he’s doing.

But then, with a great shuddering sigh like a door that's long been locked shut slowly sliding open again, Hannibal's chest expands on a new breath and his eyelashes flutter and he's awake, finally, after so long.

"Will," Hannibal rasps.

Will leans back and blows out a long breath. "So," he says, "magic?"

"The Lecter family is very old," Hannibal explains, after Chiyoh's checked over him and then buggered off to do whatever she does at night, "and we have a lot of old traditions. We may have grown weak, but magic is not terribly difficult to master if one has the necessary foundations and access to knowledge."

"And here I thought you were just really good at hiding your tracks."

Hannibal smiles. "Well. That too."

"So," Will prompts, "what kind of magic can you do, then? Light up the room? Put people to sleep? Walk through walls?"

"Nothing so dramatic. As I said, the magic in our family has long been diluted."

Hannibal then, of course, immediately ruins the modest statement by sticking his hand into the wall and sinking his entire arm into it. It gets even worse when he starts sinking through the bed, like he's some sort of ghost. "In the old ways," Hannibal explains, as he takes his arm out of the unblemished wall and then resettles himself on the bed, "they call it a variation of 'notice-me-not'. It's not quite as effective on humans, but if I believe hard enough that something will not notice me, then it will have no effect on me."

"Like blood sticking to your skin when you murder someone?"

"A rather extreme example," Hannibal notes, "but essentially, yes."

The silence that falls then is natural, and in more ways than one. They're both still exhausted easily due to their wounds, and although Hannibal can be the chattiest person in the world, it's never been needed for their relationship.

The sun has almost set entirely when Will finally stirs enough to spit out the last question that's still nibbling at him. "Can it be taught? Your magic?"

"I don't know," Hannibal says thoughtfully, and then shoots him the exact same smile he wore when Will stood in front of him and said, quite prettily, *Please.* "Would you like to find out?"

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 2: Princess = This is either gonna be some real crack about Will in a princess costume or some more serious thing about rescuing a princess. Still haven't decided.

WARNING: I am currently embroiled in two other major projects, so this (and Hannictober) are mainly an outlet for when I get frustrated and need to switch things up. Updates will be sporadic and possibly weeks/months later. Just FYI XD

Princess

Chapter Summary

Will is chosen as the Princess of Misrule. He's disgruntled, wobbling, and quite out of breath when the Prince of Misrule, Hannibal Lecter, sweeps him off his feet.

Chapter Notes

Warnings for this chapter: um . . . very drunk Will? Nothing bad or non-consensual happens, but Will is very inebriated

This ficlet drew inspiration from the Feast of Fools & Lord of Misrule, which I first learned of from reading Misrule by thehoyden, who is one of my all-time favorite authors.

How this ficlet happened:
Me: "Princess. Go."
My Muse: "Will's the dragon & the princess of the tower?"
Me: "Ficlet, not full length story."
My Muse: "Ummm Will switches places with a princess that's supposed to be sacrificed?"
Me: "FICLET NOT FULL LENGTH STO - hey, wait, that actually sounds kinda cool... STOP SIDETRACKING ME."
My Muse: "Fiiiiiiiine how about Misrule?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To be fair, Will really hadn't been expecting to end up choking on a Misrule coin. Although every single member of the castle partook in the Feast of Fools, the four Misrule coins – King, Queen, Prince, and Princess – most often landed in the pies meant for the nobility and minor royalty. Once or twice it had been a knight, but the common folk were free to eat their pies without worry, because not a single commoner had been sank their teeth into those coins as long as Will could remember. In theory, the King and Queen stepped aside for whoever found the coins for the entire day of the Feast of Fools, but in reality, no commoner had ever been so fortunate.

So Will is minding his own business and indulging in his own slice of pie when his teeth come down on something hard and definitely not pie, and he almost swallows in shock.

Luckily, he spits instead, and when he holds up his palm to the light, he finds to his horror a shiny coin engraved with a rose.

Unluckily for Will, his immediate companions began laughing their heads off, which draws the attention of the knights and the cooks and basically everyone else close by, and so Will is not able to quietly drop the coin under the table and instead is forced to have it inspected seriously by the most senior knight at hand, who gives Will an amused look before turning to the hall and shouting, “And we have our Princess of Misrule!”

At that point, Will just wants to crawl under a rock and die, but the Feast of Fools has just begun, so he can’t. He has to be the bloody Princess.

Normally, the King, Queen, Prince, and Princess swap clothes with whoever gains the coins. Queen Reba does so gleefully every single year, although King Francis usually just scrounges up hunting clothes that are still leagues above what a servant like Will would wear. They have no prince or princess yet, so Will is sent to Queen Reba’s quarters instead for an old dress.

Lady Alana is sitting there, face flushed a light pink, as Reba carefully applies something to her eyes, and they both brighten at the sight of Will.

“The Princess of Misrule,” the knight announces, and then he turns around and leaves Will there.

“William,” Queen Reba says, sounding delighted.

Will blinks. He’s never thought Queen Reba unfriendly, exactly, but Will is a lowly servant in the kennels for the hunting hounds. Aside from Queen Reba seeing her husband off on ceremonial hunts, their paths don’t exactly cross. Certainly not enough for her to know his name anyways.

Alana is, of course, a different story. She’s a doctor and a second-born to a noble house, and therefore moves in circles that Will definitely is not part of. She’s not quite on the same level as the nobility, since she has a “job” but she’d never be forced to scrub kitchens after long feasts the way Will ends up doing. All the same, her voice is equally happy when she greets him.

“Your Majesty,” Will says instead, bowing.

“Oh, dispense with the titles,” Reba huffs. “Unless you were referring to Queen Alana here. I’m just plain old Reba until the Feast ends.”

Will holds back a sigh. Only royalty and nobility can say such things and expect it to just be. It’s not like King Francis would chop off his hands for improperly addressing his queen, but Will doesn’t want to test the impulse. Still, Reba is a kind queen, so he just settles for nodding agreeably.

Reba scrutinizes him, eyes gleaming. “Well, you have a good figure,” she muses, head bent close to Alana’s. “A few stitches and I bet a few of my old gowns could fit him just fine.”

Which is when it dawns upon Will that the Princess of Misrule normally wears the Queen’s *dresses*. Gender doesn’t really play a part in the Feast of Fools; anyone can be King and Queen. Last year, Lady Phyllis Crawford had been the King of Misrule, and everyone had complimented how fine she had looked in King Francis’s clothes.

“Um,” Will says eloquently.

“Come now, we don’t have much time,” Reba orders, and then Will is drowning in fabric.

“How do you people *walk* in these things?” Will hisses, wobbling precariously atop his very high heels as Alana and Reba alternately stop him from falling and call out tips from the bed. Alana, curse her, has mastered her queenly dress, train and veil and heels and all, so all she does now is nibble delicately on the tray of food Queen Reba had brought up and try very hard not to obviously laugh at Will when he falters.

And to be fair to the both of them, the dress they’ve chosen isn’t incredibly difficult. It’s a simple dress, meant for picnics and small council meetings, so it’s light and the train isn’t that long and the pattern is a lovely solid blue with sprays of sparkling gems across the bodice and skirt.

However, in the end, the most complicated outfit Will has ever worn had been for the time they’d hosted a neighboring king and queen, and it had still been pants and a shirt, so high heels are an unwelcome addition.

“Slow, tiny steps,” Reba advises. “Don’t try to walk fast. You’re the princess; remember that this means people must match your pace, not the other way around.”

Will really, really wants to scream *I am not the princess* but that would be undignified, so he doesn’t.

Barely.

Unfortunately or fortunately, the guard chooses the moment to knock on the door and announce that the feast is about to start, if everyone is ready, and Will really isn’t but right now he’d say anything to get him out of the torture session of high heels so he just agrees and totters after Alana and Reba.

The hall is actually quite beautiful. Perhaps that might be because this is the first year Will didn’t have to spend hours scrubbing and sweeping and arranging flowers and tablecloths and cooking and bringing out platters of food, but the garlands and pumpkins and candles give the hall a lovely, warm, homey feel, and Will, just for a moment, forgets that he is wearing a hastily mended dress and about to walk out in front of the entire castle.

Then a smiling Reba hands him his tiara and Alana her crown, and his heart sinks to his gut.

They are met in the atrium by the King – Lady Margot, whose family lost her lands and therefore is only a noble by grace of birth – and the Prince, a very tall man with broad shoulders and cheekbones Will could cut cloth on. He has no idea who the man is, but Alana curtseys gracefully.

“Doctor Lecter.”

“Doctor Bloom,” the Prince says, bringing her hand up to his mouth to bestow a gentle kiss. “Or should I say, Your Majesty?”

“Only for the remainder of the day, Your Highness,” Alana says, playing along. “Your Majesty, Your Highness, may I introduce the Princess of Misrule, Will Graham?”

Will gets halfway through a bow before he realizes a courtesy would probably make more sense given the volumes of cloth around him, and is therefore halfway on a wobble to the floor when the Prince sweeps to his and rescues him with a strong hand on his waist, tucking his other hand gently in his elbow like the gallant prince he is for Misrule.

“I have heard great things about you, Your Highness,” the Prince says.

“Um,” is Will’s eloquent response.

“Jack Crawford speaks very highly of you.”

Will wrinkles his nose. Jack is a great fan of Will, but Will doesn’t like him nearly as much. Jack is too pushy, too abrasive, and too prone to shouting, and although it’s served him well in his position as commander of the guard, for Will Jack’s personality is like a constant rub of sandpaper on raw skin.

The Prince smiles and pats at his hand. “He did mention that the favor was not returned.”

“That’s one way to put it.”

Then the doors are opening, and Margot and Alana stride in arm in arm, beaming and as regal as the real Queen and King, and Will wobbles tentatively after them with the Prince serving as more of a walking stick than a partner.

Six hours into the feast later, when they’ve had tournaments and songs and plays, Will’s tongue is a great deal loosened by the wine and he finds himself returning the Prince’s steady gaze without flinching.

“Why do you keep looking at me?” he slurs.

The Prince tilts his head. “I confess, I am curious. It is rare that Jack admits that he rubs someone the wrong way.”

Will snorts. “He’s just so . . . rude . . . sometimes. Loud.”

“Sometimes rudeness is necessary in order to preserve the safety of those under his watch.”

“You don’t believe that either,” Will tells him confidently, because it’s not only his tongue that has loosened. The Prince has a very good mask, but even the best mask has cracks where the face changes over the years – wrinkles appearing, scars healing, cheeks growing fuller or thinner – and Will is excellent at applying himself to any and every crack. “You think . . . rudeness . . . is abhorrent.”

“My dear Will,” the Prince murmurs, kissing his hand like it’s a promise, “how marvelous a creature you are.”

Will blinks. Usually that is Jack’s line, but the Prince sounds he actually means it which is . . . well, it kind of breaks Will’s brain a little bit. “What?”

The Prince pats gently at his hand, which is a lot closer to him than it was before. Will looks up and realizes that he’s inched closer and closer to the Prince until they’re practically one being, sides pressed together from shoulder to hip to leg, and the Prince is warm and steady. Will leans his head against the Prince’s shoulder before he can stop himself.

“Just drink some more water,” the Prince says kindly. “It will help.”

“You know, ‘m not actually a princess,” Will mutters, watching the ceiling swirl past as the Prince carries him away from the hall.

“Does that mean you are undeserving of the same kindness and dignity as every other human?”

Will squints. He’d been pretty sure that the Prince was a medical doctor, but this sounds like something out of a mind doctor and Will’s had more than enough of those. “I thought you were a doctor.”

“I am. And I am sworn to care for everyone in this castle, from servant to noble to king.”

“Just . . . drop me off somewhere,” Will says and closes his eyes.

What he does not expect is for the Prince to take him to some very fancy quarters on the west side of the castle. They’re not as grand as some of the royal chambers, but there’s a separate bedroom, a water closet, and a sitting room so it’s already three times bigger than Will’s tiny quarters. Will blinks dazedly up at the Prince as he carefully lays Will down on the bed and starts working at his shoes with a frown of concentration on his face.

He flinches, a little, when the Prince frees one and touches the garters on his legs. “Ah, that’s a little . . . forward for someone when I don’t even know your name.”

The Prince smiles. “My name is Hannibal Lecter. I’m the castle physician. Alana and I work together.”

“I wanted your name, not your life history,” Will tells him.

That earns him a soft laugh, along with a gentle prodding until Will sulkily moves his arms around enough for Hannibal to wrestle free the cloak pinned to his shoulders. The rest of the

undressing happens like in a dream; Will only vaguely remembers twitching and whining in protest as Hannibal teases free the countless gems adorning his hair and neck and hands. He does wake up enough to shimmy out of the actual gown himself, but when Hannibal goes to take off the corset Will snarls at him until he laughs and backs off.

After that, Will only remembers flashes and pieces. Hannibal, loosening the ties of his corset. Hannibal, tugging up a great down blanket and swathing him in like a newborn. Hannibal, leaning over the candle and blowing it out, giving Will a split second glance of a bare, toned chest and muscular arms.

Hannibal puts one warm hand on his waist. “Go to sleep, Will. The rest can wait until morning.”

“Go away.”

“I think you’ll be thankful for my presence in the morning.”

“Nggghhh.”

Will wakes up to a pounding in his head, an aching in his ribs, and the sensation of a very heavy arm draped over him.

“Ow,” he moans.

The arm stirs, probably because his moaning has woken the body the arm is attached too. “Good morning, Princess of Misrule,” says a very chipper voice.

Will looks down at himself, scooting away from the arm and taking the blanket with him, and frowns at the corset. He does not remember putting this on and it’s a monstrosity he couldn’t possibly manage on his own. “What am I wearing?”

Will’s bed partner is a very nice looking man with hair that is falling all over his hair and eyes that are full of mirth. He leans against the headboard like a king in his court, at ease and unashamed with his nakedness. “A corset. I believe that her Majesty convinced you it was likely the only way you would fit into one of her gowns. You have a very fine figure, Will; I imagine with some good tailoring, the corset might only be for decorative effect.”

“Are you calling me thin.”

“I am saying,” the man says, laughing, “that you have a very fine figure.”

Rude, Will wants to say, but he is in someone else’s bed, so he holds his tongue. “And you are?”

“Doctor Hannibal Lecter, at your service.”

“ . . . Didn’t you teach Alana? Lady Alana, I mean.”

“Yes. She was an excellent student.”

And just like that, they're out of conversation topics. Will really wants to dash out of this bed and ditch the corset and fall into his own bed, but Dr. Lecter is still right there and very naked and Will can feel the way his face must be turning very red despite the blanket wrapped all around him.

"My head hearts," he says lamely.

"You indulged in a great deal of wine," Dr. Lecter acknowledges, dipping his head down gracefully. He slips out of the bed and pads away, and Will is not quite so ashamed that he is unable to ogle the man's backside as he walks away. "Here, drink some more water; it will help."

The man's scrutiny makes his nervous. And when Will is nervous, he talks less, but under this man's eyes, Will ends up blurting out more.

"Did I, uh." Will clears his throat. "Did I . . . molest you or something last night?"

"No, you were a perfect gentleman. Why? Did you wish to?"

"No!"

"What a pity," Dr. Lecter says, and Will looks up, blushing, to see the doctor descending on him, eyes darkened with heat and lust and hip cocked appealing against the bed. "And here I thought that the desire might be reciprocated."

It takes Will a moment. Then he squeaks. "I'm just a servant!"

"As am I. I serve the people."

"Semantics."

"I live for semantics," Dr. Lecter murmurs, leaning closer with each word, until Will finally kisses him out of self-defense because all of Dr. Lecter is just – right there.

And then everything else just falls straight out of his head, because Dr. Lecter's hands are a powerful cradle around his neck, his lips sure and gentle against Will's face, and he's so warm that Will kind of wants to abandon his blanket nest to cuddle with the furnace that is the man kissing the life out of him.

"So, Your Highness," Hannibal says, "am I correct in thinking that my interest is returned?"

"You already know it is," Will tells him, and then he tumbles Hannibal into bed because why not.

When Hannibal and Will emerge from Hannibal's room, the Feast of Fools has ended, and they are the Prince and Princess of Misrule no longer. Hannibal is dressed in a very fancy outfit that makes Will nervous that a single touch from him would sully it forever, and Will is clad in his normal servant's clothes.

Still, Hannibal leaves him outside Will’s quarters with a dazzling kiss, so Will just clutches at Hannibal’s pristine clothing and gives as good as he gets.

“You marvelous creature,” Hannibal says. “As beautiful as the first time I laid eyes upon you.”

He learns later that Hannibal sometimes helps out in the kitchens. And was responsible for distributing the four coins of Misrule. He just sighs and flicks his Princess coin at Hannibal’s head, because he already knows Hannibal will show no remorse.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 3 is "Enchanted Forest". So far I got nothing, but I'm getting serious Once Upon A Time vibes. For some reason it's trending towards Hansel & Gretel though . . . .

And updates are probably going to be more regular, because I've finally polished off pretty much all of my to-do list (Murder Husbands Big Bang, Gradence Trick or Treat, & a birthday gift). So yay for that XD. I'm gonna try and keep my calendar clean for November so I can finish up all my woefully incomplete ficlet collections. (We'll see how long that resolution lasts anyways.)

Enchanted Forest

Chapter Summary

> “I know that your assets have been seized and mine are probably frozen,” Will pants out in between wheezes, “but do you really think that the solution to our worries is hiding in the Enchanted Forest?”

Chapter Notes

> Warnings for this chapter: um . . . mention of Hannibal's childhood and the unhappy murder times there? Really not much

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I know that your assets have been seized and mine are probably frozen,” Will pants out in between wheezes, “but do you really think that the solution to our worries is hiding in the Enchanted Forest?”

Hannibal, who has been in the lead for the entire time despite his slowly healing gunshot wound, just smiles at him. “It’s a good place as any to be hidden.”

Will decides not to mention the number of bodies that he’s found outside the borders of the Enchanted Forest. It would probably just make Hannibal even more set on his choice, and given that Hannibal’s first words after Will had thumped him on the chest to make him cough up all the seawater he had drank had been “We should head for the Enchanted Forest” he does not think Hannibal needs any more motivation.

They’ve been walking for – well, days. Will’s lost count now. Ever since they somehow survived their headlong plunge off the cliff, they’ve been walking by night and sleeping by day.

To be honest, Will would put more of a fight, except he has no idea where to go either.

Living in a place so close to where the realms overlap has its benefits. For one thing, magic is fairly strong here due to the power of the veils lingering so close to the edge. But it can also come with problems; when evil forces burst through, it can have devastating results for those unprepared to deal with it. Two years ago, a plague of thick white smoke had slipped through the veil and swallowed three whole towns before the King’s magicians had finally gotten close enough to drive it back.

As a result of that attack, now all of the veils are monitored constantly by magicians. Will's first instinct to avoid jail had been to slip away into another realm, but that's rendered impossible now, even if it's what every criminal ends up trying or at least thinking about.

"I'm just making it known that I've ended up examining a lot of bodies out of the Enchanted Forest," Will says drowsily as they bed down.

Hannibal's eyes flicker in the rising sun. He still moves fairly stiffly, but the constant walking has kept him in shape. "That is because the Enchanted Forest was never really part of our realm. Not in the beginning, anyways."

"Ah, so another subject upon which you are the endless source of wisdom. Please, enlighten us."

"It is not so enlightening as all that," Hannibal demurs. "It is common knowledge that the magic of Enchanted Forest is much older and wilder than our own. The logical conclusion is that the Enchanted Forest is not part of our realm – or was not, at the very beginning. It predates us. Perhaps we were born from it, from a tiny seed that took root on the shores of the Forest. Or perhaps one day our realms collided, and we sacrificed part of our permeability to have the benefit of such a powerful ally. No one really knows."

Will mouths "permeability" to himself. Sometimes Hannibal's wordiness still surprises him. Then he just sighs. "Let's save the philosophy for when we're both sober and awake."

"I am."

"I said both."

Hannibal's teeth flashes in the dawn as he smiles and slides closer. "I can think well enough for both of us."

"Only if you're volunteering to carry me all the way to the Enchanted Forest."

They reach the edge of the Enchanted Forest the next morning. There is no fence or sign or anything manmade to mark where it begins, for there is no need. The Enchanted Forest is just that: a giant, enchanted mass of trees and bushes and god knows what else. The tops of the trees reach towards the sky and the roots creep along the bottom to depths unknown. Countless survey parties have gone in to study it, and it's rather a flip of a coin with who returns and who doesn't.

It does not help that Will recognizes one particular cluster of bushes.

"Yeah, I found a body there."

Hannibal ignores him. He's digging carefully through his pockets, forehead creased in concentration, except Will knows damn well he can't use magic. It's the law that every magic user has to be reported to the King, because officially it's useful to know who has powers and

can be called upon in times of war. Unofficially it's a way to keep track of magic-users, but since the court is mainly composed of non magic-users it rarely faces challengers there.

"Hannibal?"

Hannibal makes a neat incision on his wrist with a knife he got from god knows where, and he calmly smears it over the nearest tree.

Will looks at the tree and then at him. "Well, that's a great way to let every tracker in the realm find us," he says with a sigh. Hell, Will could probably track someone based on that bloodstain alone, and he doesn't have a single drop of magic in his blood.

"The Enchanted Forest protects her own," Hannibal replies. "She will not betray me. Not now that I've finally come home."

"You said you were from Lithuania."

"The Enchanted Forest has roots all over the realm. Even in Lithuania."

Will thinks of Hannibal's past – an ice-cold winter, a dark and endless forest, a lost sister. The problem with things like the Enchanted Forest is that they don't operate the way normal things do. They follow the old ways, the laws of flesh and blood, the laws of sacrifice and power. You can get exactly what you want from the Well of Wishes, but it will cost you just as dearly and in ways you might never expect. The Enchanted Forest can take its pound of flesh from any who step inside, and nothing and no one can ever get it back.

"Okay, but even if it *was* your home, how is the blood going to make up for however many years since you left?"

Hannibal smears another bloodstain on the tree. "I am not trying to make up for my absence," he explains. "I promised the Forest the blood of those who took my sister in exchange for my freedom. She wanted to keep me, after all; she was lonely. But she would take blood too, and so blood I gave her."

"And all of this new blood is . . .?"

"A polite hello." Hannibal grins sharply when the blood begins to vanish. "I do so hate dropping in without an invitation. Especially when I have a guest."

The thing about having unparalleled empathy is that if it's there all the time, it's there all the time. So while Will can easily lose himself in someone else and sometimes not know it, he also can choose to channel someone deliberately even as other personalities clamor to be released from the depths of his mind.

So when Abigail Hobbs walks out of the tiny shack balancing a tea tray, the first thing Will does is throw off the Hannibal-Lecter-I-Am-A-Polite-Guest instinct and say, "What the actual hell?!"

Hannibal sighs. "It's not her."

Bastard doesn't even sound surprised. Then again, Hannibal did say he spent a number of years here. Also, Hannibal is looking down at Abigail's waist, so maybe he's just in a Will-Graham-And-Rude-As-Hell mood to match Will's.

"Hello, Hannibal," Abigail Hobbs says. "Welcome back. We've missed you."

"Um, hello, *why is the girl you murdered serving us tea*?" Will hisses, because that's kind of an important question.

"She's not," Hannibal says. "The Enchanted Forest has no . . . face, I suppose would the best word for it. She appears to you however she wants to appear, if she appears at all. I assume you see Abigail?"

It's the "assume" that gets Will almost as much as the "Abigail". "Why, who do you see?"

"He sees Mischa," the Enchanted Forest says cheerfully, but it's a distant cheeriness, like how one wishes a stranger good day. "She was such a sweet child, and she was quite beautiful. I loved her image most out of Hannibal's mind and so I became her. I can be many things, Will Graham; perhaps you would prefer one of your beloved . . . dogs? Is that the word for it?"

Will tries to picture a dog serving them tea and fails. "Ah . . . no thank you."

"As you wish." She turns to Hannibal. "You've been away a long time, my dear. You've changed."

"Not in the essentials, I hope."

"Oh, Hannibal," she says with a sigh. "It is in the essentials that you have changed the most."

Will isn't quite sure what she does then, because to his eyes all she does is look at Hannibal in the face, but Hannibal nearly flinches. Hannibal *never* flinches, except as a ploy, and Will imagines there isn't much need for ploys with the spirit of the Enchanted Forest.

"Please," Hannibal says through gritted teeth.

The Enchanted Forest remains unrepentant. "You needed to know."

"I already knew."

"What we know in our hearts is not the same as what we know in our minds," the Enchanted Forest says. "I needed to be sure that you were aware, because otherwise the discrepancy could be . . . dangerous."

"Turn back," Hannibal threatens quietly, "or I will show you just how dangerous I can be."

"You've always been dangerous, Hannibal. You're part of me."

Will, at that point, just gives up and drinks the damn tea. It doesn't actually taste half-bad, but more importantly, it gets Hannibal and the Enchanted Forest to look at him, which breaks their odd little staring contest. He takes another sip and shrugs, because he's really tired and

he won't stand out here all day when there's a very comfortable looking shack about ten paces away.

"I like this one," the Enchanted Forest murmurs.

"So do I."

Later on, when they've slipped into bed and the Enchanted Forest has wandered off to do who knows what, Will carefully pads out of his own bed and slides quietly into Hannibal's. Hannibal greets him with a soft noise and open arms, which is when Will knows he was right.

"The Forest became me, didn't she?"

Hannibal nuzzles his curls and takes a deep breath. "The Forest is . . . possessive. She did not wish to get me back only to lose me again. We are lucky that she found you acceptable."

"Lucky, huh. You knew she'd like me."

"But of course," Hannibal says quietly, "because I am part of the Forest and the Forest is part of me. All she needed to know was that I had enough room for you both, and she is content. We might never be able to leave for, oh, a century or so, but she will protect us from anything that comes our way."

Will sighs. "So I'm to live out my days trapped in a shack with you and a sentient, jealous Forest?"

"No," Hannibal laughs. "You are to live out your days dwelling in a pleasant home with me and *our* sentient, jealous Forest."

" . . . That's really not better."

"I don't even out the scales?"

"Not if she's wearing Abigail's face when I'm sucking your – "

"Will, if you think the Enchanted Forest has not seen every single act of copulation since the dawn of creation, you are gravely mistaken."

"Mm-hmm. You're still not getting any if she's watching."

"The Forest is always watching."

"So prepare to cuddle until the end of our days," Will warns him with a flick to his ear, and he doesn't catch his mistake until Hannibal starts mouthing hotly at his shoulder. "Hannibal, what did I just say?"

"Our," Hannibal says. "You said 'our'."

"And?"

“You’ve never said that before.”

“Oh.” Will digests this. It’s true that he’s never really said that before. Then again, he’s never said much about the future before, given that his immediate plans for it were to fall off a cliff and possibly die. But he knows it in his bones; Hannibal is part of him now, and he won’t ever be able to truly leave him. “Would you like a proposal and a fancy ring too?”

“I already said yes,” Hannibal says, because he just *has* to have the last word.

For all of Hannibal’s talk about the Enchanted Forest and him being one, Will doesn’t actually see the Forest too much. Sometimes he’ll see her wandering in the woods or brewing tea, but usually, Will sees only Hannibal and assorted wildlife.

So he just lives. Drinks his tea, fishes in the river, crafts lures, takes walks, kisses Hannibal when the fancy takes him, sleeps when he wants, wakes when he pleases.

Hannibal cooks, cleans, bakes, starts carving instruments, and sometimes, when he is truly bored, sings late at night. Will refuses to participate given that he can’t carry a tune to save his life, so mostly he occupies himself with testing out the fastest ways to make Hannibal’s voice crack and end the impromptu show (tossing things at Hannibal is unsuccessful, kissing him is sometimes successful, and stripping is a guaranteed win).

It’s a good life, and Will is happy. It’s not quite what he imagined when he fell of the cliff, but he’ll take it.

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 4 is "mythical creatures" and after Fantastic Beasts, boy oh boy do I have some mythical creatures to draw from *rubs hands in glee*

So this fic is kinda a . . . wandering, no deeper-meaning, feel-good ficlet. Hopefully it still satisfies! I drew mainly from the TV show "Once Upon A Time", except I made the Enchanted Forest way more sentient. And creepier I guess.

Mythical Creatures

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal is a kitsune. Will is a werefox. This is either going to end very well or very badly.

Chapter Notes

> Warnings: ummmm fluffy fluff? Not really anything bad
>
> For the rules of this ficlet's universe: There are Normal people (aka humans), there are Supers (like werefoxes, werewolves, etc) and there are Mythicals (dragons, kitsune, etc). Basically Supers are like shapeshifters and mortal creatures, while Mythicals are legendary creatures that usually have magic on top of being, you know, a fricking dragon. Usually I just throw you all in there without explaining anything, but I didn't actually get around to laying the rules down in my ficlet so I figured I'd be nice today XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It could be the start of a either a joke or an apocalypse: a werefox and a kitsune walk into a forest and meet at a stream.

Will maintains that it’s the worst joke the world has ever played on him. Hannibal insists that it’s the best thing the world’s ever done for them. In the end, the world didn’t explode in a fireball and they didn’t manage to heal every disease on earth, so they usually agree that it was somewhere in between.

That being said, the start of the story still rather depends on who is telling it.

Will doesn’t usually walk around without his pack, but today he’s taking advantage of the fact that his dogs are being delivered in a few hours’ time to walk his territory without his pups trampling everything underfoot. They’re not bad dogs, but it does make it a lot harder to catalogue possible intrusions on his territory when they are rubbing, rolling, and scent-marking everything in sight.

Werefoxes are by far not the most territorial of creatures. Hell, even some “normal” creatures are more territorial than most werefoxes.

Unfortunately, Will is not most werefoxes. He bought this house in Wolf Trap because it was far from any other Mythical or Super, and he enjoys his solitude. Foxes are solitary creatures; Will feels no need to tramp down to a bar and wrestle with packmates or howl at the moon.

In fact, Will represses most of his fox instincts. He rarely shifts, he eats his meat with utensils like a civilized person, and there is no den in his house. His one indulgence to his Super instincts, then, is his ritual of walking the border of his territory to ensure nothing and no one has encroached upon it.

The downside of being alone is, of course, that when his territory is breached, Will finds himself the sole protestor.

Will snarls, loud and long. He's small for a werefox – doctors always said he didn't eat or shift enough as a child – but he can be as loud as a bear when he puts mind to it, and sometimes sound is enough to drive off a challenger. Not to mention that Will smells of both dog and fox, which usually confuses most other creatures enough that they take off instead of risking tangling with whatever thing he might be.

Not this intruder, sadly. This intruder saunters out, cool as ice, and he is followed by nine waving shadows in his wake.

Damn it, Will thinks.

To all outward appearances, the intruder is a fellow fox. Or at least, fox-shaped. But Will is no fool. This fox has fur that glimmers golden-white in the fading sun, and it has eyes that are unnaturally bright red, and most damning of all, although only one tail is coiled at its back, there are nine shadows playing under its belly. This is no fox. This isn't even a werefox. This is a kitsune, and nine tails means that so far out of Will's league that he might as well be in orbit.

Around Pluto.

Still, this is Will's territory. He paid in blood and human money. So he does not yield; he merely flattens his ears and stamps his paw, demanding an answer.

The kitsune laughs, high and soft and mocking. It licks at its jaw and considers him with its too-bright eyes. *I do not seek to intrude.*

Too bad, you already have.

The kitsune tilts its head back and forth, flicking its tail lazily across the ground. The tail sends up sparks its wake, like a hammer striking an iron, and Will holds back a sneeze at the stench of magic that radiates from it. *I apologize; perhaps that was not the best choice of words. I mean you and your territory no harm. I merely came to explore. There are so few of our kind here.*

Will grunts. *Your kind don't really hang out here.*

Not all Mythicals or even Supers stay where they are born. Will's encountered a banshee in Alaska and Grim in a lake; as the world has moved forward and technology improved, so too have all the creatures that possess the intelligence to take advantage of that technology. It is not a crime to be a Mythical or a Super and hold a high office, so long as one admits it. Kitsune are not bound to Japan anymore than dragons are bound to mountains. Yet Mythicals – the really old powerful ones, anyways – hold fast to their roots and traditions. It is why they sneer at Supers, whose powers come more by accident than by ancient magic and bloodlines.

True, I have not scented a kitsune for many miles, the kitsune remarks thoughtfully. *Instead, I scented you.*

Will snarls softly, lowering himself into a crouching position. He's under no illusions that he can kill this kitsune, because he's a Super that nowhere on the level of a Mythical and also the Councils would make an enormous fuss about it. But he can certainly bloody that kitsune's smug smile. *I am no easy prey, Super or no. Move on, kitsune, or I shall show you the strength of my teeth.*

For the second time, I do not want your land, the kitsune says. *I merely wanted to be friendly with my neighbor. That is all.*

This is *friendly. Now walk away.*

The kitsune inclines his head. *As you wish. You are the master of this territory. Good day.*

Then, because he's a bloody Mythical show-off, he gathers himself and launches off his nine tails into the sky like some sort of comet, leaving dust and sparks in his wake. Will can't hold back his sneezes then, or his murderous thoughts.

The second Will sits in the chair and meets Hannibal Lecter's eyes, he freezes and says, "Oh, no, no, no. I refuse, absolutely not."

Lecter smiles, and it's so smug Will wants to shift right then and there and bit his face off. The only thing stopping him is Jack's very confused look. "Hello, little fox," Lecter says politely.

Will bares his fangs on instinct. It's considered rude to partially shift like that, but Will doesn't give a damn when he's got a kitsune flashing his tails at him in a taunt. Not that he's shocked that a lie-smith of a kitsune's caliber is a head shrink, but still. "I am *not* working with a Mythical who has the job of going through my head."

"Have I offended you?"

"You left a crater in my forest!"

"You demanded I leave with all due haste. I complied."

"Enough," Jack yells, banging on the table. "I don't give a damn if you're a Mythical or a Super or a Normal, can you just get the damn job done? I've got lots of angry reporters,

angry department heads, and angry families, so enough with the posturing."

"Fine," Will says. "Good-bye."

Then he stalks away, and makes sure to step pointedly on one of Lecter's many shadow-tails.

Will actually does slam the door in Lecter's face, but Lecter squeezes a tail in and blocks the door from shutting. Will tells himself that it's only the very appetizing scent of meat that changes his mind when he lets Lecter enter into his room and start scrutinizing Will's bed, clothes, and luggage.

"If you start sniffing anything, I will bite you."

"You can't turn off your sense of smell anymore than I can," Lecter points out calmly, neatly laying down utensils and parceling out food.

"That doesn't mean you get to be so obvious about it," Will mutters sulkily.

Lecter looks pointedly at his mouth. "Like you are not obvious with those fangs of yours, little fox?"

"Instinct."

"Instinct is not a foreign concept to me, William."

Will stabs a sausage, because stabbing Lecter would make Jack start another lecture and Will's really not in the mood. The last time he and Jack got into a screaming match, Will had shifted right in Jack's office and chewed through the door before bolting down the hallways, giving startled students a lovely view of a red-faced, yelling Jack chasing a small red fox all the way to the front doors.

"You're a Mythical. Your instincts are different. Or so I'm told."

Lecter's smile deepens. He leans back and takes a slow sip of his coffee. "Are you prejudiced against Mythicals, Will?"

"No. Why?"

"The defensiveness in your response tells me otherwise."

"Why would I possibly be defensive?" Will asks, smirking. "You only barged into my territory, barged into my job, and barged into my hotel room. No reason at all to be defensive, am I right?"

"I do not want your territory, your job, or your hotel room," Lecter says dryly, his eyes flitting about Will's room with the faintest hint of distaste. "I merely wish to get to know you. God forbid we act like adults."

Will raises an eyebrow. "Well I don't know, *are* you an adult?"

It's a valid question, even if Will doesn't mean it as such. Supers and Mythicals live longer than Normals, but Mythicals always surpass Supers. Some Mythicals don't even consider their kind "adults" until well over a century or more. Will has no idea what adulthood is for a kitsune and Hannibal's probably over it, but it doesn't hurt to needle him anyways.

"You think a child could have nine tails?"

"You seem like the kind of silver spoon child that could, yeah."

Lecter just smiles at him. "Eat, Will. You will need your strength and I would not like to see my efforts go to waste."

It's only after Will finishes his food and shoves Lecter out of the door to get dressed that he finds the characters that Lecter somehow found time to trace into the dust of the table without Will noticing. They glitter faintly – kitsune magic – and although Will isn't fluent in the language of his Mythical cousins, he knows the meaning of the characters. Mythicals and Supers are very different now, but a lot of theories say that they were likely two branches of one tree that diverged a long time ago and Will knows the characters and their meaning deep in the depths of his soul and the marrow of his fangs.

"You bastard," Will says softly.

He means to confront Hannibal about them, but the sight of Hannibal leaning politely against his battered rental car steals the words from his throat. And then of course Hobbs happens, and the sight of his daughter dying drives all the possible thoughts out of Will's mind. In the end, he doesn't find himself alone with Hannibal until much, much later that night, so instead of taking any sensible precautions, the second the elevator doors close in front of them, Will takes the opportunity.

"I saw the characters."

Hannibal goes very still. "I had wondered."

The elevator doors open to admit more passengers. Will shuffles closer out to Hannibal to give more space, but also because it makes it a lot easier to read Hannibal's body language when he continues speaking, far softer than any Normal could hear.

"Strength, safety, and sentiment."

Hannibal shifts, just a touch, but it means that he ends up with his shoulder pressed firmly against Will's. His breathing is deep and sure, as though he doesn't still have the blood of an innocent girl under his fingernails. "The ancient rites of my kindred. Do Supers no longer follow the old ways?"

"We never did those rites," Will answers. "My kind are monogamous. We meet by chance."

"How interesting," Hannibal says dryly. But when he walks forward, Will follows, even though the FBI is most certainly paying for two rooms.

Will doesn't care though. He's still got some blood on his face, he's sweaty from digging through a hot trailer full of files, and he's exhausted mind and body. He doesn't really want to have this conversation with Hannibal now, but this kind of thing isn't something that can really be put off. Kitsune are notoriously possessive and touchy, and Will doesn't fancy getting cursed in any shape, way, or form.

"Why did you write those characters on my table?" Will asks.

Hannibal just looks at him. "Why did you follow me into my room?"

"I asked first."

"I will not answer questions to which you already know the answer, Will. That would be a waste of both of our time."

Will sighs and slumps in his chair. How Hannibal can be sitting so ramrod straight after everything that has happened, he has no idea. "Well, maybe I *don't* know, Hannibal. I've only read about those rites, I've never seen them. And we just met. Maybe I need to hear it for myself."

The shadows come alive around Hannibal's back until nine glowing tails spread out across the bed. Hannibal's teeth grow sharp and his eyes go red, and Will doesn't even realize that he's bared his teeth and eyes in return until Hannibal smirks at him. He doesn't hold back though; he's not going to sit here while Hannibal summons his nine tails and remain in his human form when they both know neither of them are really human.

"I am Hannibal Lecter of the kitsune. I offer you strength," Hannibal says, like an unbreakable vow. "I promise you safety. And I possess sentiment. This is the way of my kind when we prostrate ourselves before our chosen mate."

"And then?"

"And then what?"

Will waves a hand. "And I am expected to . . .?"

"You either accept me," Hannibal murmurs, eyes unblinkingly on Will's face, "or you reject me."

Will tilts his head. He hears no lie in Hannibal's words or his heartbeat, and although kitsune are a secretive kind, it's not like he'd be the first werefox to take up with a kitsune. He has heard of this kind of courting before, the kind where words and actions can blur together until the partners either work it out or tear each other apart. Mythicals and Supers love fiercely, and sometimes it's better when they date each other and sometimes it's not. Only time can tell.

Still. He did just meet Hannibal yesterday.

"So if I were to say no," Will begins thoughtfully, "and walk out right now and go to a bar and pick up a woman or man, you would be perfectly fine with it?"

Hannibal's mouth says "yes". His tails, though, they flicker and spark and sweep across the bed, sending a scent of magic wafting towards Will, and it makes Will smile because even a Normal could read that reaction with ease.

"Don't test me, William Graham," Hannibal warns. "I am a kitsune of the old blood. I do not take well to tricks."

"We are both tricksters," Will counters. "One would think we would be used to it."

Then Will reaches into his pocket and takes out the handkerchief he nicked from Hannibal's pocket. He neatly pries it open and lets the glittering characters fall to the floor in front of them, although the way they glitter as they fall to the floor is not why Hannibal can't take his eyes off of them.

No, that would be the blood Will mixed in with them. It's also the only reason the characters are intact. Without blood, they would have crumpled into dust and ash.

"I am Will Graham of the werefoxes," Will says, trying to contain the way his heart is beating out of his chest at the hungry, calculating look on Hannibal's face. "And I accept your invitation to court."

When Will wakes up, he's very, very warm. It's not unpleasant, exactly, but he knows for a fact that he tends to kick off all the blankets so it's quite a strange sensation to wake up warm instead of cold and damp with sweat.

Then again, it's probably much harder to kick off nine kitsune tails.

"Your tail is in my face," Will says through a mouthful of fur.

The tail teases at his nose, just gently enough that Will feels the urge to sneeze, before it moves courteously to coil around his neck, like some sort of living neck scarf. He would grumble about that, except that the tail is soon accompanied by the living warmth of a kitsune pressing himself to Will's back and placing sharp fanged kisses against Will's neck.

"My apologies," Hannibal murmurs. "My tails like you a great deal, it seems."

"You know," Will says drowsily, "I do know enough about kitsune to know that you retain independent control over your tails."

"Ah, well, I'm afraid that I happen like you a great deal too."

Will snorts, but he can't help the way he smiles into his pillow. "That's not what you said last night."

"And that is not what you said about my tails last night either," Hannibal returns smugly, as if he isn't already covering Will from head to toe in tails. "I have an excellent memory, would you like me to repeat your words for you?"

"You're such a show-off."

Hannibal smoothes a warm hand down his flank. “I have found a new mate who has accepted my advances,” he says. “Forgive me if I indulge in my instincts to spoil you and draw you close.”

Will sighs, feeling the way Hannibal’s tail ruffles beneath his breath. “Our instincts. Did you know?”

“Know what?”

Will turns over. It’s difficult – kitsune tails are made of magic and power, but they can be pretty strong and corporeal when their owners feel like it – but eventually he settles beneath his living cage of tails and smiles slyly up into Hannibal’s face. “My father was Normal, yeah. There was some old werefox blood back in his tree from somewhere, which is how they ended up with me. But my mother was a kitsune. My father said she danced in with the tide and then danced back out.”

“A water kitsune. They are very rare.”

Even as he speaks, Hannibal settles his nose next to Will’s neck and inhales great lungfuls of air. Will can tell when he finally scents it, because he presses one sharp fang against Will’s skin.

“Remarkable,” Hannibal murmurs. “I would not have scented it if you had never told me.”

“Apparently werefox covers up the scent of kitsune pretty well.”

“I would be forced to agree with that theory. And the reason you decided to confide your family tree to me is . . . ?”

“Oh, Hannibal,” Will says, smirking, “the blood of the kitsune runs in me as well. I can see all of you, not just those little tricks of glitter and gold you leave in characters on tables.”

“And what do you mean by that, my little fox?”

“I won’t answer questions to which you already know the answers, kitsune.”

Hannibal chuffs a laugh. His fingers are tipped with sparks when Will slides their hands together, and his tails are twitching incessantly. Half of them have reverted back to shadow and slip through Will’s body to dance against the sheets; it is a curiously strange sensation that leaves butterflies in his stomach.

“Perhaps,” Hannibal says, “I need to, how did you put it, hear it said aloud? I did only meet you but a few days ago.”

“All right,” Will says, and he lets his fangs drop, lets his eyes go werefox-gold and his ears grow tufted tips and his fingernails sprout claws. He lets his tail curl around Hannibal’s remaining tails and tilts his head up until his mouth is right by Hannibal’s vulnerable neck. “I see you, Chesapeake Ripper. Or are you telling me there’s another kitsune running around with the calling card you always leave at crime scenes in gold and glitter?”

Hannibal goes very, very still. All of his tails slip into shadow and his fangs lengthen into proper kitsune fangs, the kind that can tear through walls in a single bite.

But when he touches his mouth to Will's throat, all he does is murmur, "My clever little fox."

"It's unwise to leave such a singularly unique calling card, you know."

"There are not many who can see those marks anymore."

Will closes his eyes and relaxes, curling into the nine tails that slowly turn back into fur and flesh to rub affectionately against Will's face and torso. "The kitsune grow rarer, yes. But you don't need a kitsune, Hannibal. Kitsune are like every other Mythical; their half-bloods can pop up anywhere."

"Half-blood is your term. We do not call them that."

"Then what do you call them?"

"Precious," Hannibal says softly, marking each syllable with a kiss, slow and sweet. "Unique. Beautiful. Ours, until the end."

"Ours?" Will echoes. "I didn't know kitsune were prone to sharing."

"We most certainly are not."

"Did you really have to bite me that hard?" Will complains, tilting his head this way and that to catch a better look under the crappy light of the hotel bathroom. "I mean, come on. I heal fast, but not that fast."

"My apologies, I forgot myself."

"That was honestly the worst lie you've ever told."

"I am an excellent liar."

"Not to your own kind, you're not."

Hannibal's teeth are human when they settle on Will's neck, but Will goes still all the same. Human-shaped or no, Hannibal still has more than enough power to tear out Will's neck in a single shake of his head.

"Well," Hannibal says, "it's a good thing that our kind protect each other, don't we?"

"Not if you keep writing poetic quips about cannibalism in gold and glitter at your crime scenes."

"That was once."

"I've seen your Il Mostro work."

“ . . . Thrice, then.”

“How about you just stop writing in gold and glitter altogether?”

“My little fox,” Hannibal laughs, slipping his tails around Will and distorting the mirror image even more with his sparks and shadows, “where would be the fun in that?”

FINIS

Chapter End Notes

Day 5 is the "Big Bad Wolf". I already did a sorta Little Red Riding Hood AU for my #HannibalEverAfter collection so we'll just . . . see what happens lol.

Sooooo I spent like a good hour researching mythical creatures. And I ended up doing kitsune!Hannibal again. *sigh* For those who don't know what I'm talking about, I did another kitsune!Hannibal fic a while ago called blood and breathing and burning. Check it out if you're curious.

End Notes

I am also on tumblr!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!